THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes.
JUV.

I RECENTLY received a letter from a 'venerable old friend,' announcing the afflicting intelligence of his having been seized with an agonizing fit of the gout, at the same time intimating a request that I should immediately repair to his country residence, for the purpose of administering those little consolatory offices of friendship, which, while they amuse the mind, contribute to allay the rigours of that terrible malady. On my arrival I found the good old man stretched on a sopha, attended by a grave looking old female, who has served him these thirty years, in quality of house-keeper.

Although his distorted features visibly indicated the keenness of his corporal sufferings, his superiour mind seemed by the exertion of the most manly fortitude and dignified resignation, to be perfectly tranquillized. After greeting my visit by a cordial salutation and hearty squeeze of his palpitating hand, we insensibly beguiled an hour or two in discussing the nature of his inveterate enemy, the gout; and by a mutual recital of those trifling incidents which had transpired during a pretty long absence. It is now nearly a week since I entered his hospitable sanctuary, and, thanks to divine omnipotence, have the unspeakable felicity of seeing my dear old friend restored to a tolerable state of convalescence.

Happening, a day or two since, to be recreating my mind in his library, I accidentally espied a manuscript volume, which, on examination, I found interspersed with a great variety of the old gentleman's thoughts, and observations, from among which I have ventured to select the succeeding discourse. Although as a literary production, it cannot be fairly taxed with the ancient sin of originality, it will, nevertheless, be found destitute of that favourite modern figure of speech 'commonly termed nonsense.' It appears evidently to have been written under the pressure or influence of depressed spirits, and is strongly tinctured with that serious melancholy and mild philosophy which form a prominent trait in the authour's character.

AMERICANUS.

"No circumstance tends more powerfully to suppress the swellings of ambition, and curb the arrogance of pride, than a dispassionate retrospection of our past existence. Like a fatigued traveller, who, after a toilsome pilgrimage, arrives at some commanding eminence, and thence retra-

ces the intricate windings through which he hath wandered, and views distinctively every obstacle that hath retarded his progression: on the one side he discovers that his feet have grazed on the brink of a precipice whence had they erred a single step, he would have been inevitably hurled into the realms of eternity. On the opposite side, he distinguishes a smooth path meandering through luxuriant fields, besprinkled with flowers of the most variegated tints and intoxicating redolence, which had he fortunately chosen would have both abridged and enlivened his disastrous journey. But, alas! the circumscribed vision of this deluded mortal could not penetrate those recesses of danger which are every where obscurely interspersed throughout this delightful region: he discovers not the widely expanded jaws of destruction, which are ready to receive him were he again to remeasure his perilous pilgrimage. Thus is it with those travellers who are journeying onward to the goal of life; most of them fancy their pursuits to have been mistaken, and their credulity and vanity flatter them into a belief that, were it possible to antidate their existence to the jocund period of adolescence, they would achieve some noble enterprize that would entitle them to a distinguished niche in the glorious register of immortality. Instead of having descended to pitiful artifices and trudged through all the mire of dishonour in amassing a gorgeous pile of useless wealth, they would have retired to 'academick bowers' and treasured up a fund of erudition to purchase posthumous celebrity. Instead of having yoked themselves to illiteracy and vulgarity, gilded with the trappings of fortune, they would have allied themselves to women whose vivacity of feeling and exquisite culture of understanding would have reflected lustre on their reputations, and afforded solace to the imbecility of age. Instead of ascending the crazy ladder of Ambition, and cringing, with dastardly servility, for the attainment of rank and power, they would have withdrawn to some sequestered hamlet, where happiness might be participated without the wages of adulation, and pleasure derived without the accustomed homage of vice. By pursuing this natural train of reflections, what a deplorable mass of folly and imbecility doth humanity exhibit; scarcely would the annals of mortality furnish one solitary being who could view, with unmixed approbation, the years of his departed existence! But let us, for a moment, reverse the picture and take a retrospective glance of the numerous events, vicissitudes, and revolutions which have occurred during our past lives, and which, at this ultimate period, seem almost darkened by the mantle of oblivion. What an admirable field doth it unfold for the speculations of a *real* philosopher! Here we perceive a family drawn from the blackest mists of obscurity, now rolling in all the luxury of opulence, and reared on the wreck of prostrate grandeur. Perhaps the occupations of the descendants are completely reversed, and those who were wont to 'threaten and command,' are now necessitated to perform the menial office of obeying. The man of mirth, whose well pointed irony and pungent witticisms were at once the envy and admiration of rival contemporaries, hath now terminated his career, and the brilliancy of his genius forgotten or buried in the tomb with his ashes. She whose gracefulness and exquisite beauty formerly aroused the frosty decrepitude of age, and maddened the impetuosity of youth, hath now faded into insignificant obscurity, and nothing is recollected but the cicatrized wounds of her former coquetry. Were every person to seize those auspicious moments after the mind has been mellowed by the impressive effects of a cruel calamity; were their imaginations to conjure up the ghosts of their departed hours, in 'horrible succession,' I cannot divine a more powerful incentive to virtuous amendment than it would prove. We should be reproached with the remembrance of days, nay years of our time squandered away in the pursuit of visionary nothings. It would also

illustrate one of the noblest precepts of christianity; namely to be contented with the situations we are destined to fulfil, from a well grounded belief that a beneficent Deity in populating the universe, allotted to each individual his distinct line of duty and elevation. The splendid reputations acquired by the possession of genius and potency of erudition, instead of constituting a theme for the carpings of envy, ought rather to inspire us with pity and contentment. How frequently do we see a being, possessed of the utmost vividness of imagination or Promethean fire of genius, totally incapacitated for the ordinary duties of society; whilst his towering soul disdains the vulgar ploddings of honest industry, he presently finds himself pinched to the bone for the want of those useful qualifications which form the objects of his unmerited contempt. Surely this solitary reflection is of sufficient magnitude to alleviate all the pangs of mediocrity. It is, therefore, manifest, that Nature has acted with her accustomed wisdom, by gifting the majority of every community with moderate talents. Experience bears unequivocal attestation to her foresight. Men thus endowed seem expressly fitted to sustain the common duties of life, and support the great bonds of society. Fine parts are rarely accompanied with solidity of judgment, and, although mankind are generally disposed to yield the tribute of applause to the offsprings of genius, they are seldom either warranted or inclined to sanction their examples of practice by imitation. In a word, I am of opinion that Nature, in the dispensation of intellects, generally counterbalances mental inferiority by mingling with great talents some obvious defects, and that we ought, each one of us, to be satisfied with the degrees of felicity or infelicity which a just God hath awarded to us. It is the doctrine of an optimist, but the religion of a christian. By a practical adoption we are enabled to look on the past with complacency, on the present with approbation, and on the future with renewed confidence."

For The Port Folio.

The review of the Northern Summer has, it seems, drawn on the authour the animadversions of some disciple of Shaftesbury. As if the world was not already convinced that ridicule is not the test of truth, R. F. is determined by exemplification to settle the point beyond the reach of controversy. His wit is so exceedingly keen that one can almost perceive its point. He has proclaimed himself an advocate for the Northern Summer. Those passages which others consider as the *soup maigre* of this production to his palate are grateful delicacies. Gifted with a never-failing relish for every thing that is presented him, he disdains the squeamish particularity of an Epicurean, and regales his appetite with every dish in the bill of fare without discrimination. Where repetition tires or insipidity disgusts the majority of readers of taste, he is thrown into ecstasy. His attention receives a new impulse from every trite anecdote, every ebullition of levity. His passion for the little Swede is so totally unaccountable that one is inclined to suppose

"Nunc illum habet ista secundum."

The trash of literature has ever been the favourite diet of superficial readers. Their stomachs are too weak for the digestion of strong and solid food. Refinement of taste is to be acquired by a patient diligence and severity of thought which gentlemen of the abovementioned description wholly disclaim. They are most pleased when least subjected to the torture of reflection. The delicate minds of these Rule of Three gentry are ready to revolt when a writer is so unreasonable as to require them to compare circumstances or to balance probabilities. Transported with whatever they read, they wonder at the blindness of those who cannot discern beauties where none exist. For them the most languid pages of the most languid novel are not without their charms. Viewed through a flattering lens, tedious digression become agreeable

aberrations, absurdities of character are amiable eccentricities, and new-fangled expressions pass for originality of sentiment. Whilst I must be permitted to be so much of a heathen as to envy R. F. this extraordinary faculty of extracting entertainment from every book which accident may throw in his way, let me congratulate him on the abundant materials which the present age must afford him for its gratification. Each new magazine must be a treat; each romance a banquet. He should take up his residence at Leipsick.

Not deigning to descend to a particular justification of Mr. Carr, our critick contents himself with avowing simply his general admiration. There may be a circle of acquaintance in which his decision has the authority of a ukase: but he must pardon our insensibility if we, whose doom it is to reside without its circumference, should be unaffected by the focus of intelligence which irradiates it. We hope that at the present day it is no very great crime to refuse obedience to authority to which we are not amenable. As we were not accessory to the elevation of R. F. to the chair of dictatorship in matters of taste, we flatter ourselves that to be a little skeptical about his abilities to reign is an offence at least within the benefit of clergy. We have read his manifesto, but we cannot applaud what we do not admire: we are at a loss how to believe in opposition to conviction. And let me tell that gentleman that it is not for a usurper in the arts or sciences whose talents are yet to be known, to attempt by sarcasm and the use of strong epithets to reconcile his subjects to the submissive yoke of non-resistance and passive obedience. We would beg permission to continue our stupid preference of the travels of Smollet and the Tour to the Hebrides, to Robinson Crusoe and the Stranger in France.

R. F. has descended from Lake Huron so saturated with knowledge that one is disposed to credit the force of climate in operating miracles on the human intellect. A genius whose scintillations in these latitudes eludes the nicest opticks, translated to the banks of Saint Lawrence beams with a splendour unrivalled by the Ursa Major itself. Has R. F. conversed with the magi of the Pontawatimies? Or has his Pegasus opened another fountain of inspiration on some Northern Helicon? The rapidity with which the rays of knowledge appear, in certain instances, to pass into the brain has put me to the necessity of making these inquiries. Unacquainted, however, with any hypothesis that can satisfactorily solve so singular a phenomenon, I sometimes imagine that there must be some secret virtue in travelling. Whether it is that our ideas, from the effect of motion, are jolted from their chaotick state into order and arrangement, or whether from the same cause the dense particles of matter are separated from spirit (for they appear at times to intrude) and resuming their stations leave the latter to act with its wonted energy, I cannot say. But, at all events, believing that our traveller has derived considerable benefits from the last, I beg leave to prescribe to him another excursion the ensuing summer.

R. F. talks of fools, of shreds of knowledge, and is lavish in the use of *empty*, *splenetick*, and *morose*. To the pungency of this vulgar rhetorick my feelings are callous: it is the common refuge of defeated argument. The abstruse learning on wagers is so familiar to the graduates in this art that I deem myself peculiarly fortunate in not being betted into conviction. I shall be accused of vanity (I own with some reason) in presuming to expose myself to the attacks of a gentleman of R. F.'s profound erudition. The depth of his research and the tenacity of his memory are really uncommon. It was new to see the same person conversant with Pope and with Horace: but when, in addition, we find him read in fables, he seems something supernatural. We are told, indeed, by a late poet of observation and talents that to read in English, and quote in Latin and Greek, is a trick of no very

recent origin. This may unravel R. F.'s extensive knowledge as a linguist, which at first blush provokes our incredulity. Considering the infinite pains taken by this tribe of literati to acquire *reddendo verbum pro verbo*, the reputation of scholars, it were almost a pity to expose their ingenious devices.

R. F. appeals to a Roman poet if a book of travels may not be enlivened by variations in style and occasionally by poetick effusions. To show this did not need the authority of Horace, who (by the way) is here writing on the drama. Before we leave Horace I would ask, pray Mr. R. F., did you ever encounter a passage in that writer where he says "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam?*" The fault of the Northern Summer is, that the quotations are too frequent and long; that the original poetry is done *invita Minerva*.

R. F. is startled at the mention of juries and outlawries. Why they should so disconcert him he best can tell.

It is remarked by R. F., with great sagacity, that execration of mercy is an inconsistency; it is admitted. By a mistake in the transcribing, "execration" has crept in the room of "exclamation" which was the word intended. His objections to "candour being merited," &c. are unfounded, and worthy of the school of Hypercriticus. To this learned academy, and R. F. its learned president I resign the discussion of such intricate points. I will debate with no man "about Sir Archy's great grandmother."

As R. F. makes no attempt to refute the criticisms on the Northern Summer what could have occasioned his appearance in The Port Folio is, at first view, matter of surprize: a little consideration, however, leads us to the discovery that the whole is the product of finesse. Yet rocked in the cradle, his infant Tour round the Lakes had been confined to the smiles of its fond and partial father. With the ambition of the Medici, he resolves to invest it with the toga though not advanced to puerility and introduce it to the publick notice. Application is made to the Editor of The Port Folio. He is modestly asked by R. F. to invite him to rescue from obscurity his darling child, to stand godfather and prepare the way for a favourable reception. Supported now by the countenance of Mr. Oldschool, he has secured a retreat behind an apology, should the sequel teach him the proneness of parental affection to overrate what is its own.

Some conjecture, not without probability, that this eagerness to announce his "Tour round the Lakes" has prompted R. F. to a premature illumination of the columns of The Port Folio with the corruscations of his genius. The invective against J. S. in all verisimilitude was originally designed to repel the anticipated attacks of the British Critick or Boston Repertory. Though not a little prejudiced in favour of his offspring, yet retaining some symptoms of distrust, his mind haunted with prodigies, presages, and omens, seems to forebode its cruel and untimely fate. No doubt he has inspected, with care, the entrails of beasts, and watched with solicitude the flights of birds. The stern spectres of the Anti-Jacobin and Edinburgh Reviews stalk before his fancy, and fill his breast with continual alarms. Thus circumstanced, he determines to forestal the publick opinion, and open the campaign with offensive operations, hoping that the magick of his name and the terrour of his arms will silence all opposition and leave him to reap, without interruption, an ample harvest of wealth and renown. This opinion is corroborated by remarking, that his publication in The Port Folio is adapted from the general terms in which it is conceived to answer any person or any subject. Endued with a lucky pliancy of character, it may be employed with equal advantage in the refutation of objections to the Farmer's Boy or the Jerusalem Delivered.

The "Tour round the Lakes" is expected with considerable anxiety. I hear that all is finished, except the quotations and a few choice fables. As the extracts from Pope and Horace

may constitute, in no small degree, the merit of the book, it should not be pushed on with too much celerity. It will, of course, contain at stated intervals some specimens of original poetry. It is not unlikely it will be found a depository of much useful knowledge, and of many important discoveries. Some perhaps too sanguine in their theories have predicted it will be made appear in proper time and place, that the Falls of Niagara are 137 feet high, that Lake Erie is situated in North America, and that Canada is a province of the British Empire. A friend of mine, whose imagination, it is true, was a good deal heated by expectation, has said, he should not be surprised if it turned out to be colder in the Tropicks than in the Torrid Zone, and conceited he could name the very page where this extraordinary fact would be brought to light. All agree that we shall have a new edition of the Little Swede.

There are those who pretend to have seen, in manuscript, the following advertisement: "Now in the press and shortly to be published, A Dissertation, from the pen of R. F., on the relative merits of Godwin and Smollet, wherein the superiority of the former in happy wit, propriety of diction, fertility of invention and delineation of character is demonstrated, (in the form of queries) and made manifest and palpable, beyond all possibility of contradiction. N. B.: R. F. begs leave to inform the publick that he intends writing, very shortly, a vindication of Carver's Travels, wherein by a very curious fable and sundry extracts from the French Grammar, he pledges himself to prove, in the most incontestible manner, that the said Carver, for elegance and accuracy, is second only to the *little Italian*. He therefore, earnestly solicits children, and others who have not already imbibed prejudices against this amusing Traveller, to abstain from reading his book until the *Vindication* appears; and on no account, to contravene this interdiction. He has ascertained from Chequicoko, an Indian chief, that Carver was a man of talents, and was three whole days among the Indians." P. S. The authour has good reason to assure the publick that this last work will outstrip all his former productions. He tenders his compliments to the Reviewers for their kind notice of his last writings and desires them to be informed that he defies the snarls of criticism, having already digested a series of queries which will fully refute them.

There has been no instance (I believe) of a book without its correspondent readers. Thus R. F. admires the Northern Summer. With an intrepidity truly admirable, he proclaims himself its champion, throws the glove, and, denouncing sorcery and witchcraft, avows his determination to maintain the contest till the stars appear in the evening. Whether he will prove recreant is yet to be decided. It certainly is no very easy task to vindicate the reputation of a writer without adducing a single argument in his defence. A Quixote in letters, no danger, however imminent, no enterprize, however extravagant, not even the dread of a blanket, can deter R. F. from his desperate purposes. His illustrious predecessour, we are told, mistook Inns for Castles; with an equal propensity to errour, R. F. mistakes sarcasm for wit, Carr for Moore. It cannot be long before his fame will reach the ears of some German commentator, and he will be taken into pay. Whatever may be the result, this lineal representation of Bell deserves the thanks of Mr. Carr for his generous effort to arrest the progress of the Northern Summer in its rapid descent to the grave of oblivion. Whilst the tomb already opens to receive it, he interposes his voice, and claims a suspension of the dreadful sentence which condemns it to death. Should the romantick project of this Literary Saviour be crowned with success, he will, no doubt, proceed to resuscitate an innumerable host of plays, novels, romances, and travels that now lie buried in a state of suspended animation beneath the rubbish of a whole century and were thought to

have experienced the fate of Lucifer. Even the heroes and heroines of the British Album may hope for a resurrection. Anna Matilda and Della Crusca, her amorous swain, with imaginations warmed by anticipation, will be summoned to new interviews. *Nonis jam nascitur ordo redit et Virgo.* Gratham, Parsons, Morton and Laura Maria will string their lyres anew, and with odes and sonnets hail the glorious epoch of the restoration of nonsense. Again will

"Thrales' grey widow with a satchel roam,
"And bring, in pomp, laborious nothings home;
"Robinson forget her state, and move
"On crutches o'er the grave to Light o' love.

Bertie will once more twitter

"His namby pamby madrigals of love,
"In the dark dingles of a glittering grove."

Scarcely rested from repelling these Goths and Vandals from the empire of Literature, the immortal Gifford and his worthy coadjutor must rise to new labours. "*Iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.*"

Able captains will be appointed to superintend the various provinces of the arts and sciences. I doubt not they will find the fortune of Diocletian and his colleague in defending us against this new invasion of barbarians. *Sub Teucro duce nil desperandum.*

Pointing against the pigmy race the irresistible artillery of Wit and Satire whereon they move, they will scatter defeat and dismay.

Ecce ferunt ferrumque ignumque Jovemque,
In Danaos classes!

Where shall we then find R. F? *Ubi nunc facundus Ulysses?* Numbered, I doubt, with the slain. For services more signal than those of the Roman Emperours, mankind will not hesitate to encircle their brows with fresh laurels and celebrate their victory with the honours of a triumph.

Already, in fancy, I hear the cries of its parent for the "Tour round the Lakes." But tears, prayers and entreaties are of no avail. A couplet or a note fixes its destiny forever. Stationed on the same shelf with the Northern Summer, and Political Justice, and covered with dust, it moulders away under the silent touches of time, or devoted to the use of the culinary department contributes to serve up more palatable dishes.

J. S.

Of the Roman Historians, Philosophers and Orators.

As the Romans increased in opulence and empire, the sciences flourished of course; for, besides poetry, eloquence, history and philosophy, made no contemptible figure, even before the age of Augustus.

Scipio and Lælius were themselves learned, and encouraged learning in others. Cato the elder was an able orator, and well versed in the Grecian literature; which he made himself master of at a very advanced age. Philosophy and rhetorick were publickly studied at Rome by the young nobility, under different masters. And those who intended a more complete course, were commonly sent to Athens, as to a superiour school to finish, in the precincts of the Academy or the Lycæum, where Plato and Aristotle had prelected that education which was then held fashionable; or even necessary to arrive at any distinguished eminence in the republick.

About this time flourished Panætius and Posidonius the philosophers; Polybius, that eminent and philosophical Greek historian; Vitruvius, the famous Roman architect; and Diodorus Siculus, the universal historian; all of whom lived somewhat prior to the Augustan period.

Lucretius their contemporary, and the patron of Epicurism, seems the first poet that professedly made poetry the handmaid of philosophy. He has had many followers; some, perhaps, who have embraced more rational systems; but few who equalled him in genius. His style is luminous, simple, harmonious, strong; the beginnings and conclusions of his books are at once warmed with the fire of divine poetry, and illuminated with the purest moral philosophy. Although we re-

ject his system, we must admire his genius.

The Anti-Lucretius by cardinal Polignack, though possessed of great merit, is inferiour by many degrees: it likewise labours under material errours, by adopting the Cartesian system, which, in natural philosophy, is little better than that of Epicurus.

About the time of Cicero, both philosophy and oratory were carried to the greatest height. The senate and the forum gave full scope to the latter; and we are not to wonder that the Romans, during the flourishing state of liberty, were excited to practise and excel in eloquence; considering the prodigious effects it has in a popular government.

Cicero, in his book De Claris Oratoribus, after enumerating those that were most remarkable in Greece, reckons up a long list of illustrious Romans that had distinguished themselves as orators, for more than a century antecedent to his own time.

However, it is to be observed, whatever figure these orators made, or others that flourished in a subsequent period, that none of their works have been preserved; which makes it probable that they contented themselves with temporary harangues, which they seldom committed to writing, and suffered to perish, as soon as the purpose for which they were composed, was answered.

The same may be said of their philosophy, which, however it may have resounded in the schools then existing, found none of its professors so far capable of writing, or emulous of future fame, as to sit down and transmit to posterity the doctrines of their different systems.

Cicero alone, to vindicate the fame of his countrymen, and establish his own, has handed down to us, now, in the loud voice of oratory, now in the graver tone of philosophy, an ample and eternal treasure of learning on both subjects. In his works we have the quintessence of the Grecian wisdom enlarged and illuminated with the diffusive light of his own genius.

In oratory, he was inferiour to Demosthenes alone, having less fire, vehemence, and closeness; but in all his works there is a flowing ease, a modulated harmony, a purity, a clearness, and beauty peculiar to himself, a love of virtue and learning, a fulness of information, and comprehension of ideas; delivered in a vein of elegance that is lively and animated, and uniformly supported in his orations, epistles, philosophical discussions, and other pieces. So that it excites wonder that one man could have amassed so much knowledge, and digested it in such a regular manner; one too exercised in the storms of the state, and whose whole life was one continued series of important business, publick honours, trials, and misfortunes.

Simplicity of style seems to have been the distinguishing characteristick of the Ciceronian age. Besides its two principal poets, Lucretius and Catullus, its historians show an excellent example in this respect. In Cæsar's Commentaries and Nepos's Lives, though written in the plainest style imaginable, there is a beautiful simplicity, both in the thought and expression that cannot fail to please a just taste, upon an attentive perusal. The manner, indeed, of these writings does not strike at first; as being devested of that pomp of language, which other historians studiously affect, in order to gain upon the reader.

Cornelius Nepos writes always in a brief impartial manner; his candour and simplicity are truly valuable; and his style somewhat more raised than the other's.

But Cæsar possesses an excellence of an higher kind; he writes his own history, yet with the utmost modesty; talks of himself in the third person with the greatest indifference: praises nothing he does; is never severe or bitter against his enemies: A strong, and almost singular example of a great mind, neither admiring its own performances, nor condemning those of others; but, as intent on high designs, and capable of still greater ex-

ertions, always modest, grave, cool, and dispassionate.

The character of Catullus is beauty, elegance, and simplicity: his subjects generally short and easy; among these his imitation of Sappho, and the Epithalamium are the best. His poem called Atys is also very good; likewise that on the death of his brother. But the most valuable of the larger pieces is the Marriage of Peleus and Thetis; possessing at once excellent description, pathos of sentiment, and the most beautiful simplicity of style. The tender and affecting story of Ariadne can never be too much admired. It is surprising how little this poet's merit is adverted to, even by the learned of this age.

Tibullus and Propertius, the two great masters of Roman Elegy, lived somewhat later, and have superlative merit in this branch of poetry; emulating, if not surpassing their Grecian models, Mimnermus and Callimachus.

From the elegance of their diction, and their frequent allusions to Roman customs and Greek antiquities, they ought to be more studied than they generally are, as besides their poetical attractions, they inform the reader of many particulars not to be found in other authours.

Propertius, especially, abounds in these allusions, which, together with a more figurative style, renders him more difficult than Tibullus; which last, though in general less tender and pathetick, is more easy, chaste and natural. Propertius, indeed, seems to have had a heart entirely composed of love, his reason yielding to its full control; and in spite of affronts, disappointments, cruelties, still submitting to the commands of a beautiful, wanton and imperious woman.

I think it is Mr. Hume who stations Dr. Parnell by the side of Catullus, not, certainly, that the Divine resembles the Heathen in the voluptuousness of his imagery, or the licentiousness of his expression, but because they are both so distinguished for elegant simplicity. One of Dr. Parnell's minor poems is so remarkable for its ease and vivacity, that we cannot forbear inserting it as a perfect model of that style which in Phædrus, in La Fontaine, in old Isaac Walton, in Goldsmith, in Florian, has always pleased, and of which men never tire.

When spring came on, with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul and charm the sight,
While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns salute the plain,
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe and green her wreath,
Where'er she trod 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turned the pulses beat,
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear
To match for all the coming year.

Raised on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermixed with blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeathered, wait to fly.

When they met the Dame and Boy,
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
Wanton smiles, and airy Play,
Conspired to make the scene be gay:
Love paired the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love:
Sitting, hopping, fluttering sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idle lie,
And yet unfeathered wait to fly.

Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume,
The generous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the peacock's painted dye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen;
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing;
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young;
And fledged by geese the weapons fly,
When others love, they know not why.

All this, (as late I chanced to rove)
I learned in yonder waving grove;—
And see, says Love, who called me near,
How much I deal with Nature here;
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart.
Then cease for souls adverse to sigh,
If Nature cross you, so do I;
My weapon there unfeathered flies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies,
But if the mutual charms I find,
By which she links you mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
And strike from both through both your hearts.

TERENCE.

That a native of Africa, the purchased slave of a Roman senator, whose name he afterwards bore, should acquire the highest reputation as a comick writer, is so singular a fact in literary history, as would, at first view, induce us to withhold our assent from it.

But when we consider that his generous master not only conferred upon him his freedom, but furnished him with the means of acquiring all the accomplishments of a scholar, and introduced him to the acquaintance of the most learned men in Rome, our doubts will vanish, and our admiration will decrease.

The friend of Scipio and Lælius, the associate of Lucretius and Polybius, must have had the best opportunity of improving his natural talents by every thing which polishes the manners and improves the mind.

The disadvantage of humble birth was thus happily removed by such an introduction into society, and such a patronage as genius can rarely boast. The gem was rescued from the dark caves of ocean, and its pure brightness still irradiates the world.

Terence was born about a hundred and ninety-four years before Christ; and upon a careful review of the models of the Greeks, willingly surrendered the palm of originality to be the imitator or translator of the elegant Menander.

He began to write at twenty-five years of age; and his dramatick labours were probably confined to the short period of ten years.

But it was a period of bodily health and mental vigour; for its fruits were not only rich but abundantly copious; since we have to lament that only six of his plays have reached us, out of more than a hundred which he produced.

The fine moral or rather truly christian sentiment exhibited in the Andrian, his first play, where it is said, that man is interested in all the concerns of his fellow beings, might well be received with that thunder of applause, which succeeding ages have not failed to repeat; it was the harbinger of a lasting fame; and though the sentence be perpetually quoted it is never heard without approbation.

In the choice of his subjects there is a certain dull uniformity, partly arising from the restrictions placed upon the ancient drama. No mistress could be represented on the stage who was not a courtezan; but Terence has endeavoured to attach a considerable interest to the character by representing his females as infants stolen from their parents and sold by fraud or accident. He has also given them a degree of respect, by exhibiting them as endued with a passion for a single object on whom they lavish all their tenderness and constancy, and for whom they consider the world well lost.

He has been said to have no buffoonery, licentiousness, or grossness, but to have been the only one of the comick writers who has brought the language of gentlemen on the stage; the language of the passions, the true tone of nature. But surely the impudence of servants throughout his plays would induce the reader to imagine that the license of the Saturnalia had been perennial, and furnishes a contradiction to this assertion of his panegyrists.

If we concur with them in thinking that the moral of his drama is sound and instructive; that his pleasantry has good taste; that his dialogue unites clearness, precision, and elegance; and that he penetrates to the inmost recesses of the heart; we must allow with the opponents of his fame, that we should be better gratified by finding more force of invention in his plots; more interest in his subjects; more genuine spirit in his characters. Julius Cæsar seems to have appreciated his merits justly when he said: "And you, Demi-Menander, are placed near our great writers, and you deserve it by the purity of your style. Could but the beauty of your composition have joined to itself that comick vein which was possessed by the Greeks; then would you not have been their inferiour in the dramatick

list. That is what you want, Terence, and what I so much regret."

Terence began his career with the happiest auspices. When he had composed his Andrian and presented it to the ædiles, who were in the habit of purchasing dramatick works for the gratification of the people at the shows, before they would conclude a bargain, they sent it to Cæcilius for his opinion.

The old man ordered Terence to read a part of it to him as he was lying on his couch. Before he had finished the first scene, Cæcilius raised himself up with evident marks of surprise and pleasure and invited him to supper. He afterwards heard the whole of the piece, and bestowed upon him such praises as were equally creditable to both the parties.

His Eunuch received more approbation than any of his plays. It was acted twice in one day; and the sum of thirty pounds, for which he sold the copyright, was hitherto without precedent in the annals of the Roman stage.

It is, I believe generally confessed, that the style of Terence is the perfection of the Latin language. It is equally celebrated for accuracy and elegance. No forced antitheses, no glaring ornaments deform it; and it has stood the test of the severest criticism in the closet. The poetry of Terence compared with that of the Augustan age, has been said to be the Ionick order, compared to that of the Corinthian; not so splendid or so rich, but equally if not more exact and pleasing. If it excel the language of his age, it was the language spoken in the accomplished families of the Lælii and the Scipios; and perhaps we may ascribe to the advantage derived from their elegant conversation, those well written dialogues, which Cicero and Quintilian conceive him unable to have composed without their assistance.

That Terence is a cold and a tame writer will not willingly be confessed by those who have witnessed the exhibition of his plays at one of the first seminaries of youth in England. Those scenes cannot be wholly destitute of fire which display so vivid a portion of it on their classick stage. An audience of scholars and of criticks will perhaps always be in doubt, whether a larger portion of the pleasure they receive from the representation be due to the composition of the authour, or to the talents and spirit of the performers.

During the first three ages of Roman comedy, the writers were the servile imitators of the Greeks. But soon after the time when Terence had quitted Rome, Afranius and others whose compositions are lost, delivered the stage from the tyranny of foreign personages, and exhibited those pieces only in which the stories and the character were Roman.

Horace applauds the spirit of those who ventured upon this innovation:

"Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
"Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta."

From this period comedy was divided into two species, which took their names from the different habits of the two countries. The Roman comedy was subdivided into four kinds; the first of which, borrowing its name from the dress of plain citizens, was called the togata, and when persons of distinction were introduced, the prætextata. This was of a serious nature, perhaps like the sentimental comedy of modern times.

The second was of a comick cast, deriving its name Tabernaria from a town or place of residence where the persons met whose characters were exhibited.

The Atellana was the third species, in which the actors not speaking from written dialogues, trusted to the spontaneous effusions of their fancy; and it had this privilege, that the spectators could not oblige them to unmask. Another exclusive advantage also belonged to the actors in the Atellana; they retained the right of freeman and the power of enlisting in the army.

The curious account given by Dr. Hurd of the Satyrs, Mimes, and Atellanes is worthy an attentive perusal,

He shows us that the latter was an entertainment so called from Atella, a town of the Osci in Campania. The language and characters were both Oscan, and their provincial dialect was a source of pleasantry at Rome.

In these three species the sock was always worn by the performers.

The fourth species, the Mimus, was a sort of farce, in which the actors were barefoot.

At the funeral of Vespasian, we find from Suetonius, that his character was represented in a mimick piece according to the Roman custom.

The leading feature of Vespasian's character was avarice, of which a remarkable instance is recorded A town in Italy was about to erect a statue to him; when he said to the deputies, stretching out his hand, "Gentlemen, here is the basis whereon you must erect you statue."

In allusion to this circumstance, the actor Favor Archimimus, who played the part of the emperour, having asked the directors of the ceremony, what would be the expense of his interment, and finding that it would amount to some millions of crowns, cried out, "Gentlemen, let me have a hundred thousand crowns, and you may throw my body into the river."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

Says Fame t'other day, to the Genius of Song,
A fav'rite of mine you've neglected too long;
He's a sound bit of oak, a son of the wave,
The scourge of dire France, Sir Sidney the brave,
Whose wreath from his country, the hero's bright crown,
The Grand Sultan decks with the gem of renown.
Whose wreath, &c.

Madam Fame, cries the Genius, no bard in my train,
Of Sir Sidney's desert can equal the strain;
Buonaparte alone can best sing his merit,
His laurels and glory, his valour and spirit.
Whose wreath, &c.

Neptune swore it was true, for so active was he
That he never can rest with Sir Sidney at sea;
As some feat or other he's always performing,
Either burning, or sinking, or capt'ring, or storming.
Whose wreath, &c.

Master Neptune, said Mars, I claim as my son,
A share of the glory Sir Sidney has won;
Though a brave British tar, as a soldier he'll fight,
All Egypt resounds from morning to night.
Whose wreath, &c.

Since Fame and their godships thus jointly agree,
Sir Sidney a hero on land or on sea;
With justice, brave Turks, from so bright an example,
Proclaim him the wonderful Knight of the Temple.
Whose wreath, &c.

While George of Old England, and Selim the Great,
Hold firm their allegiance 'gainst Gaul's hydra-state,
The Lion and Crescent triumphant shall reign,
And Sidney do honour to both o'er the main.
Whose wreath, &c.

The whole scheme of our mixed constitution is to prevent any one of its principles from being carried as far, as taken by itself, and theoretically it would go. Allow that to be the true policy of the British system, then most of the faults with which that system stands charged will appear to be, not imperfections into which it has inadvertently fallen, but excellences which it has studiously sought. To avoid the perfections of extreme, all its several parts are so constituted, as not alone to answer their own several ends, but also each to limit and control the others: insomuch, that take which of the principles you please, you will find its operation checked and stopped at a certain point. The whole movement stands still rather than that any part

should proceed beyond its boundary. Thence it results, that in the British constitution, there is a perpetual treaty and compromise going on, sometimes openly, sometimes with less observation. To him who contemplates the British constitution, as to him who contemplates the subordinate material world, it will always be a matter of his most curious investigation, to discover the secret of this mutual limitation.

—— Finita potestas denique cuique
Quanam sit ratione, atque alte terminus hærens?

—

TOMORROW.

A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on shore,
All lost save my spirit and honour;
No choice being left but to take to the oar,
I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain 'Connor:

But tho' the wind calls me, some few words to say
To Polly these moments I borrow;
For sorely she'll grieve that I leave her today,
And must sail on the salt seas tomorrow.

Nay weep not; though Fortune her smile now denies,
Time may soften the gipsey's displeasure;
Perhaps she may throw in my way some rich prize,
And send me home loaded with treasure.

If so lucky, oh! doubt not, without more delay,
Will I hasten to banish your sorrow:
And bring back a heart which adores you today,
And will love you as dearly tomorrow.

But ah! the fond hopes may prove fruitless and vain,
Which my bosom now ventures to cherish;
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,
Or o'erwhelm'd in the ocean may perish.

Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign to pay
To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;
And sometimes remember our parting today,
Should a wave be my coffin tomorrow.

—

ADDRESS TO A NAIAD.

BY MRS. LE NOIR.

Coy Nymph of this salubrious fount,
Who many an age unpriz'd,
Didst waste thine urn adown the mount,
Unnoticed and despis'd,

'Till youthful but discerning eyes,
Remark'd thy modest worth,
Bade the neat edifice arise,
And led thee falt'ring forth.

How like a timid village maid,
New-rais'd from mean abode,
Thy silent waters meek obey'd,
And wonder'd, as they flow'd!

Late the rank nettle veil'd thy home,
The rushy bank beneath;
Now roses deck thy Gothick dome,
And aromaticks breathe;

While lawney slopes and woodlands green,
And mountains softly blue,
Entwine thee with as fair a scene,
As ever pencil drew.

Here at thy shrine shall languor sink,
And oft for succour turn,
And life and health and vigour drink
From thy restoring urn.

The lowly shall the boon receive,
The poor relief command;
For you the gen'rous sanative
Prepar'd by Nature's hand.

And those more blest in wealth and state,
Blind Fortune's special care,
Whom common pains assimilate,
And bend with want and care;

While Heav'n-directed Nature pours
A balm for every woe,
Of her may learn to deal their stores,
And bid their fountains flow.

—

A poor fellow with a mask on his face, and a guitar in his hand, assembled his Italian audience by the songs he sung to the musick of his instrument, and by a thousand merry stories he told them with infinite drollery; at length, when the company was most numerous, and at the highest pitch of good humour, he suddenly pulled off his mask, laid down his guitar, opened a little box which stood before him, and addressed the audience in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is a time for all things; we have had enough of jesting; innocent mirth is excellent for the health of the body, but other things are requisite for the health of the soul. I will now, with your permission, my honourable masters and mistresses, entertain you with something serious; something for which you will have reason to bless me as long as you live. Here he shook out of a bag a great number of leaden crucifixes. "I am just come from the holy house of Loretto, my fellow christians," continued he, "on purpose to furnish you with

those jewels, more precious than all the gold of Peru, and all the pearls of the ocean. I have come, on your account, all the way from the habitation of the blessed Virgin, to this thrice-renowned city of Naples, the riches and liberality of whose inhabitants are celebrated all over the globe. My generous Neapolitans, I do not wish to take the advantage of your pious and liberal dispositions. I will not ask for those invaluable crucifixes, (all of which, let me inform you, have touched the image of the blessed Virgin;) I will not, I say, ask an ounce of gold, no, not even a crown of silver; my regard for you is such that I shall let you have them for a penny a-piece."

—

THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

To lecture I come, and your pardon I crave,
For truly no learning my subject imparts,
So spare me, kind criticks, all potent and grave,
For mine is a poor simple lecture on hearts.
First then, Britain's glory, the heart of a tar,
Is there aught of more courage, or precious in worth?
Ah, no! whether glowing in peace or in war,
'Tis alike ever true to the place of its birth.
Then health to a sailor and this be the strain,
The tars of Old England again and again.

The heart of a lover, when tender and true,
Is a heart to be priz'd, as each woman must own;
While the heart of a miser, to give him his due,
Is a heart, selfish mortal, as hard as a stone.
Then the heart of a virgin, and such too there be,
That love with a passion devoid of all art,
Shall surely be rated and set down by me,
Her bosom's all sweetness, all softness her heart.
Then health, blooming health, and let this be the strain,
To love and true lovers, again and again.

The heart of a lawyer, and oh! what a thing!
'Tis a compound of something that's hard to define;
When you think it all honey, you find it all sting,
And what really good for, I cannot assign.
Now then for a heart, and a gallant one too,
'Tis a soldier's, and where is a braver in in fight?
For England it beats, ever loyal and true,
And proves that her good is its dearest delight.
Then health to a soldier, and this be the strain,
Our soldiers and sailors again and again.

HENRY AND ROSA.

Majestick rose the god of day
In yon bright burnish'd sky,
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,
And heav'd himself on high:
On the deck Henry stood,
To view the swelling tide,
Ah!—no,—Henry,—no!
He thought not of the flood,
'Twas Rosa by his side.

Now softly sunk the setting sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed;
The ev'ning watch was hush'd and done,
The pilot hung his head:
On the deck Rosa staid,
To view the waters glide,
Ah!—no,—Rosa,—no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,
'Twas Henry by her side.

—

A Scotch presbyterian having heated his brain, by reading the books of martyrs, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition, and the histories of all the persecutions that ever were raised by the Roman catholicks against the protestants, was seized with a dread that the same horrours were just about to be renewed. This terrible idea disturbed his imagination day and night; he thought of nothing but of racks and scaffolds. So strong a hold had his favourite studies taken of his imagination, that he would relish no part of the bible, except the Revelation of St. John; a great part of which, he thought, referred to the whore of Babylon, or, in other words, the pope of Rome. This part of the Scripture he perused continually with unabating ardour and delight. In the meantime, this poor man's terrours, with regard to the revival of popery and persecution, daily augmented; nature would, in all probability, have sunk under the weight of accumulated anxiety, had not a thought occurred which relieved his mind in an instant. The happy idea was no other than that he should immediately go to Rome, and convert the pope from the Roman catholick to the presbyterian religion.—Accordingly without communicating his design to any mortal, he set out for London, took his passage to Leghorn, and in a short time after arrived in perfect health of body, and in exalted spirits, at Rome.

He directly applied to an ecclesiastick of his own country, and informed him, that he earnestly wished to have a conference with the pope, on business of infinite importance, and which admitted of no delay. The good natured ecclesiastick endeavoured to sooth and amuse him, putting off the conference till a distant day. He happened, however, to go to St. Peter's church, at the very time when his holiness was performing some religious ceremony. At this sight our impatient missionary felt all his passion inflamed, and he exclaimed, "O, thou beast of nature, with seven heads and ten horns! thou mother of harlots, arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls! Throw away the golden cup of abominations, and the filthiness of thy fornication."

One may easily imagine the astonishment and hubbub that such an apostrophe, from such a person, in such a place would occasion; he was immediately carried to prison by the Swiss halberdiers.

At his examination, the first question which was asked of him, was, "What had brought him to Rome?" He answered, "to anoint the eyes of the scarlet whore with eyesalve, that she might see her wickedness."—"They asked him who he meant by the scarlet whore?" He answered "who else could he mean, but her who sitteth upon seven mountains, who had seduced the kings of the earth to commit fornication, and who had gotten drunk with the blood of the saints, and the blood of the martyrs." Many other questions were asked, and such provoking answers returned, that some were for condemning him to the gallies, that he might be taught more sense and better manners. But when they communicated their sentiments to Clement the Fourteenth, he said, with great good humour, "That he had never heard of any body whose understanding or politeness had been much improved at that school; that although the poor man's first address had been a little rough and abrupt, yet he could not help considering himself as obliged to him for his good intentions, and for his undertaking such a long journey with a view to do good." He afterwards gave orders to treat him with gentleness while he remained in confinement, and to put him on board the first ship bound from Civita Vecchia for England, defraying the expense of his passage.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF WOLTON.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines are a tribute to the memory of William Wolton who died on the 28th of January 1807. Mr. Wolton was a native of Suffolk in Great Britain, where his relations at present reside; but he spent the last six or seven years of his life, in the United States. He was a man of an amiable character, and generally respected by those who knew him. For the last two years, he laboured under a lingering illness, which at last proved fatal.

——— Omnes una manet nox
Et calcanda semel via Lethi. Horat.

Lord! what is man, whom thou hast made!
How soon his "blushing honours" fade!
How soon his smiling hopes decay,
And all his prospects die away!
Wolton is dead. No power could save
A feeble mortal from the grave.

None could recal his fleeting breath,
Or stop the dread approach of death.
Wolton is dead. The sun shall rise,
And cast his splendours o'er the skies;
But Wolton sunk in endless night,
No more shall see the heavenly light.
No light can penetrate the gloom,
That broods upon his early tomb!

Reviving spring shall come again
And scatter plenty o'er the plain;
The fragrant flowers shall blossom round
And smiling verdure clothe the ground;
Again, the healing vernal breeze
Shall breathe upon the yielding trees;
Near his cold stone, the grass shall wave,
And birds shall chatter o'er his grave:
But when the breath of life is fled,
No spring returns to raise the dead!
No spring can ope the slumb'ring eyes;
Or call again departed sighs,
Or cause the silent tongue to speak,
Or wake the crimson in the cheek,
Or make the heart its stroke resume,
And call the pris'ner from the tomb.

Long, Wolton! on the cheerless bed
Of sickneess, lay thy fainting head!
Long, didst thou groan beneath the reign,
Of wasting grief, and racking pain.
Yet, still, how tranquil was thy mind!
To all the ills of fate resign'd!
And if, at times, by woes oppress'd
All joy was banished from thy breast;
Delusive Hope, with visage fair,
Would smiling, bid thee not despair;
Would sooth thy breast, and lull thy fears,
And bid thee hope for happy years!
Alas! depriv'd of all delights,
How didst thou pass thy sleepless nights!
Long sleepless nights!—But now how deep!
(Dark gloomy thought!) how sound thy sleep!
Not thunders bursting o'er thy head,
Can rouse thee from thy clay cold bed!

And didst thou leave thy native shore,
To see its chalky cliffs no more?
The stormy ocean didst thou brave,
To find with us, an early grave?
No soothing relative was near
To drop for thee the kindred tear;
To wait attentive near thy bed,
And gently raise thy drooping head;
To catch thy last expiring sighs,
And weeping, close thy clouded eyes:

But kind Humanity was nigh,
And strangers wept to see thee die;
And pensive, with thee took the road,
That led thee to thy last abode.
Peace to thy manes!—God who knows
The full extent of all thy woes,
Has plac'd thee in some happier sphere,
To recompense thy suff'rings here.

And haply, to thy lonely tomb,
Amid the twilight's solemn gloom,
Some pensive mourner shall repair,
And load with sighs the dusky air!

Well, thou art gone—and we who stay,
Will gaze around us—and away!
The hand that writes this humble line,
Will soon be stiff and cold as thine!

PEREGRINE.

—

ADDRESS TO J. C—— M. D.

Haply when Resignation's soothing aid
Shall close the deep incision Grief has made;
Affection's pensive beam will linger here,
And each sad relick claim a tender tear.
C——r 'twas thine, with Friendship's gentle art,
Warmly to share my brother's ardent heart,
With him to emulate the Attick Muse,
And gild the wing of time with rainbow hues;
Link'd in one bond, to seek the sheltered bow'r,
Or gaily mix in pleasure's festive hour.

When stern Affliction's desolating blast,
On all the trembling chords of Nature past,
The melancholy privilege was thine,
Lowly, to minister at Sorrow's shrine;
Thy hand sustained my brother's drooping head,
And smoothed the pillow of his dying bed,
'Twas thine each soft endearment to supply,
And catch from friendship's breast its parting sigh.

Unerring Wisdom drew the awful veil,
Bade the eye languish and the cheek grow pale:
From lips beloved the vital warmth retired,
And life's faint lustre silently expired;
Th' immortal spirit reached its destined height,
A star forever in the realms of light!

Alas! if this vain world, with prosperous breeze,
Should waft thy bark on Pleasure's faithless seas;
Though not a cloud flits o'er the azure deep,
And every murmuring billow seem to sleep,
Touched by that hand whose delegated power
"Rules in the natal, and the mortal hour,"
The welkin darkens—wintry storms descend,
Mountains and vallies to their centre bend;
Rain, sleet and hail a mingled deluge pour,
And the loud surges lash the sounding shore.

For thee may peace its purest incense yield,
And radiant Truth display her sacred shield;
And oh! my friend, when duty's silent tour
Leads to the lonely dwellings of the poor;
When pining anguish gains thy patient ear,
And human frailty mourns its doom severe,
May fav'ring Heav'n thy useful labours bless
Grant to thy talents merited success,
Wisdom's fair wreath thy youthful brows entwine,
And th' bright meed of virtuous fame be thine.

E.

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